Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

"Wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."

The tercentenary of this atrocity occurred August 24th, 1872. Its consideration now may deepen our love of Protestantism, inspire new gratitude for the progress of civilization and our kindlier times, and nurture a healthy repugnance to intolerance and its steadfast advocates. While Luther was marching to the Diet at Worms, 1521, Levevre and Favel began to preach reform in France. The truth spread rapidly. Though proscribed, persecuted, and martyred, Protestants multiplied year after year, until, in 1562, they were believed to be one fourth of the French population. Catholic hostility, hitherto partially baffled, became more violently pronounced. and roused to aggression all possible influences and powers. Francis I. crystallized the rising sentiment in the avowal that he wished in his kingdom "only one king, one faith, and one law." There widely prevailed a growing desire for the utter extirpation of all so-called heterodox, especially evangelicals. "Catholic orators preached it from all their pulpits, the nuncio and the Duke of Alba had counselled it for ten years. Pius V. recommended it in his letters, and Catharine, in 1568, and even before, predicted it to the Italian ambassadors." Coligny, the Protestant leader, warned of approaching calamity, was besought to leave Paris. In April, 1572, Alemanni signified that the design matured by the queen mother for reestablishing the unity of the faith was about to be accomplished. Michiel declares it was premeditated, and that Salviati, Nuncio of Paris, was commissioned to communicate the plot privately to the Pope. In a letter he says: "I am convinced it will come to this—that is, to extermination, and well will it be for their majesties if they do one tenth of what they have counselled." The king, writing to his agent at Brussels of a providential "opportunity of assuring perpetual quiet to his kingdom, and of doing something for the good of Christianity," says: "It is probable that the conflagration will extend to the other cities of France, which, imitating the example of Paris, will lay hands upon all Protestants. I have written to the governors to collect forces to cut to pieces those who resist."

St. Bartholomew is reputed to have been flayed alive, and a knife is his symbol. The annual festival in his honor was deemed a fit time to inaugurate Huguenot extermination. The people, delirious from excitement and revelry, would be ripe for riot. Admiral Coligny, first among the Reformed, was also first soldier and citizen of France. His influence on the Crown now deemed intolerably prejudicial and obstructive, cowardly precaution required his destruction. At midnight, August 23d, he was wounded in the street by an assassin hired by Catharine de Medicis. The irresolute Charles IX., less determined and ferocious than his mother and her brutal allies, called on Coligny, and expressed sympathy and regrets. The Admiral called him to his bedside, and frankly warned him against his evil counsellors, especially his mother. Interrogated by Catherine, the king refused to expose Coligny's counsels. At length, overcome by her malignant persistence, he fell into a rage and revealed everything. That unnatural mother then portrayed to her wavering and relenting son the perils of hesitation. Standing upon her feet, she besought him to give Coligny and the Protestants no quarter. She plied all her arts, repeated every calumny, rallied his self love, and roused his anger.—Calling to her aid her most astute and wiley accomplices, they assured the young king they were already exposed to vengeance, too far committed to retire; that all Paris would be in arms in spite of royal decrees; and that it was a good occasion to please the Pope and all the Catholics. Overcome rather than convinced, Charles at length signed the decree, crying out in equal wrath and vexation: "On, then, since the die is cast; but let none remain to call for vengeance.'

The waning sun of August 24, 1872, fled before the preparing tragedy, and the deepening darkness brought on the supreme hour. At noon of night, the queen-mother and her guilty son shuddered with dread in the royal palace.—A pistol shot without filled the weak young monarch with remorse, and he ordered the arrest of the falling stroke. It was too late. The "royal tigress" at his side, anticipating his irresolution, had commenced the signal, and, while they spoke, the bell of St. Germain l'Auxarois heavily tolled the doom of the Protestants. The cloudless, starry serenity of an August heaven never, perhaps, looked down on so despicably deep an antithesis as then unveiled in a moment. Forth flew the flull furies. The first and fiercest assassin rushed into Coligny's chamber, and, stabbing him dead, flung him on the pavement below. Here they cut off his head for the Herodias-like Catharine, who wished to present it to the Pope. The Huguenots in the Louvre were called down into the court one after another and dispatched by halberdiers, a crowd of nobles and court-ladies looking on. The leaders riding fiercely forth from street to street roused the people to frenzy by the cry: "Kill! kill! Blood-letting is good in August. By the King's command.—Death to Huguenots! Kill!" Sixty thousand assassins, armed with every instrument of violence and slaughter, dashed forth, crying: "For God's sake and the King!" Princes, nobles, plebians, soldiers, and monks joining the inhuman chase, raged about on all sides, and, regardless of sex, age, or rank, murdered all members of the hated faith. The tumult of exploding arquebus and crashing hatchet, of curses mingled with woman's frantic cries and dying groans, was heartrending beyond description.

"For hideously, 'mid rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter."

Many prominent victims, horribly mutilated, were dragged through the streets, amid vulgar derision, and in tattered fragments thrown into the Seine. The massacre raged till the streets, if not Romanish hate, were glutted. Manhood was obliterated, womanhood abandoned her tenderness, and, like ghouls and vampires, they prowled about the city, "consumed with an appetite for blood." Thus the night wore away, and "the sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear, kind light upon thousands of dishonored and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God: 'How long, O Lord! how long?'"

PETTY ANNOYINGS.

Suppose there should be a fellow so dexterous that, walking along the street, and seeing an old gentleman passing by, he could give him a nip in a manner so sly no one could know how it was done; and suppose he should rejoice to see the old gentleman jump. Suppose there was a little boy so cunning that, stooping, he could hit the man so that he should not know who hit him, and he should laugh to see the man rise up and look around in amazement to see where the blow came from. Suppose one should throw a torpedo under a man's feet so deftly as not to be discovered in the act, and should enjoy seeing the man jump and look in vain to see who it was that threw it. Suppose there should be one who, for his own pleasure, everywhere he went, gave some annoyance to everybody that passed him, in ways so artful as not to be detected. Would you praise him? Would you say that he was an expert fellow? Would you call him a perfect genius? If you should see a person sitting on the corner of a street, and somehow making uncomfortable everybody who went by, and he should laugh, and for a half an hour tell you how he had fixed this man, and how he had played a trick on that man, would you not feel that there was not another such miscreant in society? And yet persons do the same thing mentally. They see all the little obliquities that there are in men, and use them as a means of annoying them. They see things which they ought not to see. There are many things in life which you ought not to see, and which, if you do see them, you ought to pretend not to see. There is a kind of deception which I think will be forgiven. Do you suppose that at table you ought to see all the things that happen? If a lady takes a swallow of tea before it is quite cool, ought you to know it? Never. A thousand little things are happening in life which a proper delicacy would lead you to act as if you did not see.—*Beecher.*

IMITATION.—We are creatures of imitation, and the vices of our neighbors are imitated more readily than their virtues. A Prince limps by necessity, and all the Court are soon found limping in imitation; a Princess bends in sickness, and the world of women bend in sympathy; a Bishop has a sing-song in his voice, and all the preachers in his state catch the tune. The copy is worse than the original fault in each case: The limp is plainer, the bend is lower, the song is more of a whine. As christians we limp in duty through example; we bend to temptations because others do, and we sing or sigh by sympathy.

"We do not speak our words or think our own thoughts." I repeat it: we imitate vices more readily than virtues. Peter's denial has been copied more than his fearless declaration of truth, amid jeers and ridicule. We have merited the look of regret and reproof that made Peter weep, and the rebuke, "What is that to thee, follow thou me," more than the title, "firm as a rock," which Christ gave Simon in his new name.

We imitate John oftener forsaking Christ and fleeing, than in his following Christ to the trial and the cross; we follow each other into sin more readily than into duty; we imitate each other into sin more rapidly than into duty; we imitate each other in denying Christ by silence more than speaking for Jesus; we are lead into pleasure more readily than into prayer. We need more like Joshua, who are willing to stand alone in the path of duty; we need more who, like him, can say, "I wholly followed the Lord my God." Not, I followed Him as well as my neighbor; not, I followed Him as well as the average of Christians; not, I followed Him as well as my minister; but "I wholly followed the Lord my God." We need to stand for ourselves and speak for ourselves, on earth, for every man must give an account of himself at last.

HOME EDUCATION.—Wesley's home education under the tutelage of his parents themselves was peculiar, and well calculated to initiate him early in habits of honor and perseverance in accomplishing any object he might undertake. "Why, my dear," said his father to his mother, or she to him (I forget which) while patiently teaching one of their children a simple lesson, which it was slow to learn, "why my dear, do you tell that dull boy the same thing twenty times over?" "Because," replied the other, "nineteen times won't do. If I tell him but nineteen times, all my labor is lost, but the twentieth secures the object!" All classical antiquity has not bequeathed us a maxim of more practical wisdom. In such a school Wesley's mind was prepared to achieve the greatest things by being taught the smallest, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," till whatever it learned at all, it learned well.

Agricultural Department

I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE HAY CROP?

The crop of hay is now stored in the barns, and following the hay famine of last year it is a very satisfactory one.—It has cost a deal of labor to grow it, and we are still painfully cognizant of the severe labor, protracted through several weeks, required to harvest and store it. The question now comes up, "What are we to do with it?" We want to realize some money out of it—we ought to realize the greatest possible profit from it. Manure we need in much greater quantities than we shall be likely to obtain, and manure we must have. Manure will bring us money in the course of time if applied to the farm, but we want to realize ready money as well as the manure. To what stock shall we feed it in order to realize from it the greatest amount of manure and the most money? This is a question much more easily asked than answered. It is a question which the wise and thoughtful will do well to discuss for the benefit of those who are shorter sighted or less favored with the means on which to base judgment. Last year large quantities of corn, from necessity, were bought to enable farmers to keep through even the small stock not sacrificed. Of course they did not get their money back from the income of the stock fed. This year, since there is plenty of hay for all the stock in the state, we "guess" farmers will be reluctant to buy corn unless they can see the way clear to get their money back. This may not be the best course—in certain cases it would not be—for if a man has capital he can buy grain to feed, when he gets a portion of its value returned from the stock, and the remainder in the manure. English feeders count the value of the manure returned as well as the pounds of beef and mutton. According to Mr. Lawes, the manure from a ton of corn meal is worth $6.65. A ton of corn meal costs $32. Therefore in feeding that amount we should receive therefor, either in milk or increased value in the animal $15.35, which added to the value of the manure would return the full cost of the outlay. Can we do this? This will depend on what is being produced and what price is received for the product. One thing may be laid down as a fact needing no further proofs:—we cannot do it with other than good animals. We cannot feed scrub stock of any kind at a profit even in the ordinary way. Neither can we get full returns from purchased grain by half feeding. If fed to young stock, it should be given liberally enough to produce rapid growth and early maturity; if to cows in milk, they should give an abundant flow: if to beef they should be fed to fatness. Other things being equal, he who feeds the best gets the best returns from that which is fed out.—*Maine Farmer.*

SALT AS MANURE.

"I have some idea of using salt on my farm as manure; can you tell me of any one who has used it to advantage to any extent?"

Yes, I have, and my father and brother have used it for some years. In fact, ever since we could buy it at a low price at the wells. I have used it on all kinds of grain, wheat, oats, barley and peas. On these crops I sow about five bushels of salt to an acre, sometimes only three.

As a guide to you, I may observe, that I sow with both hands, and grasp as much as the hand will hold, and as the salt is moist the hand will thus hold about twice the quantity it will of grain; salt will not fly as far from the hand as wheat.

As to benefit derived, I have found the grain average six bushels an acre of wheat and barley, the first crop, and more from peas and oats; and almost as much benefit the next, especially if clover followed. I have carefully noted this fact, and more especially where young clover followed barley; there was then a marked improvement. The difference was carefully shown by intervals left unsalted.

Our mode of applying salt is to sow it on the land just before we sow the grain; one harrowing being sufficient covering for grain, and salt also.

If sown on the surface, salt will remain a long time unchanged, especially in dry weather; and applied thus, it does not produce as good results. I have seen the land look quite whitened after sowing salt on the surface; the rain and dews not being sufficient entirely to dissolve it, and its immediate contact with foliage, I am sure, is bad at any time. I am therefore of opinion it is far more advisable to bury the salt somewhere below the surface.

I have not found this objection to apply so strongly to grass lands, unless the meadow fescue abounded, and too much salt was used. No doubt this moisture carries the salt directly downwards amongst the roots, and dry weather does not affect it in the same way, but still it must be very carefully applied. Many years ago I tried sowing salt on a walk in my garden, much infested with twitch grass. I sowed at the rate of about 15 bushels an acre; the result was complete destruction of the twitch grass. I saw from this experiment that I had sowed too much to assist vegetation; and many times since I have scattered, as experiment, small quantities of salt over grass lands, enough to make it look a *little* whitened,—the salt just discernable, in fact, and always with the effect of killing the grass, showing that as a top dressing to meadow lands, salt must be very carefully used. I attribute this to the fact that the salt does not do so much injury to the roots, when mixed with the soil, but if it remains in contact with the herbage any length of time, it seriously injures it.

In all these cases of top dressing I noticed the land to be somewhat whitened by the salt for some time after applying it, notwithstanding some rain had fallen at intervals.

In the case of the salted walk, there was however a most marked effect, produced the following summer, on some clover accidentally sown on it.

This walk had been formed by removing all the surface soil to a depth of about six inches, for the purpose of exposing pure red sand, which formed the subsoil, and was very poor—almost in fact barren. Near this was a small patch of clover, saved for the plough, but not being required, had been allowed to go to seed. During the following winter, (succeeding the salting) the clover heads broken of by the wind, had been driven into the depression formed by the walk, and the snow and rain had buried them in the soil during spring thaws.

From this seeding, the following summer there was a most remarkably thick crop of clover, quite a mat in fact; and this crop continued equally abundant during two or three years that succeeded. I attribute this rank growth, on such poor soil, entirely to the salt.

Numbers of visitors saw the experiment. The quality of the soil being so poor, left no doubt on any one's mind that the growth was entirely due to the salt. I have used salt in my garden many years to free the walks from weeds; and on our asparagus bed in particular, I use abundance of it. But although it kills all the fescue meadow grasses, many of the large coarse grasses, that seed the first year, and all the clover seems to thrive wonderfully well where it is carefully used. I had a tulip bed much infested with weeds, and as they could not be hoed out, I was advised to sow salt thickly over it in the fall. But certainly the end was not answered, for next spring I had a most extraordinary growth of clover and timothy, the seeds of which were in the manure applied. A further proof that salt when not in actual contact with herbage does not injure the following crop, but instead benefits it to an immense extent.—*Cor. Canada Farmer.*

DIGGING AND CARE OF POTATOES.

We make the following extract on this subject from the *Potato Book* as both timely and practical:

"From planting to cooking, and in all processes between and inclusive, potatoes are unquestionably the most abused things ever cultivated for human use; and in the long catalogue of errors peculiar to this excellent esculent, one of the most outrageous is neglecting to harvest them as soon as they are ripe. No other crop was ever maltreated in this way. When any other crop is fully matured, the farmer secures it at once lest it wastes and decays. But potatoes, being out of sight, are out of mind until a convenient season. When the farmer can find nothing else to do he digs them, and then perhaps complains of them for being of bad character. Any other crop would be as bad, or worse, if treated in a similar manner. Potatoes are not unfrequently left in the ground several weeks after being ripe, as though they were dead stones and undamageable, instead of living, perishable organisms, subject to all the conditions, transformations and diseases that pertain to all vital structures. It is seldom that potatoes are not more or less damaged by neglect to harvest at the proper time, or by improper management in harvesting, however well they may have been raised and matured. When the tops of potato plants wither the tubers are ripe, and, like other crops, will be injured if not at once gathered and taken care of. If allowed to be once soaked in the ground by a severe or prolonged rain after ripening, they lose irreparably some degree of their sweet flavor and some portion of their nutrient properties; nor are they so sound and vital for seed potatoes; and every rain augments the damage, rendering them both less palatable and less wholesome. What farmer can be ignorant of the fact that the potatoes he digs in November and December are less dry and sweet than those he ate from the same field in September and October previously? Potatoes should not be exposed to the air, sun or wind to dry them, but the reverse. Every potato that becomes uncovered before it is ripe, or which protrudes above its earthy covering, soon becomes blighted in the exposed part—a fact which proves that it is defenseless against aerial elements and its need when dug of immediate protection."

ESSENTIALS OF THE MILK-ROOM.—Your milk-room should be moist, in order to prevent the cream from drying on the top, which always interferes very materially with its successful manipulation, causing the butter to fill with specks, and retaining in it an undue quality of casein, which interferes with its keeping qualities. Your milk-room should also be light. All white light contains what is called a "chemical ray," and is necessary to develop the rich, healthy color in the butter which all butter-makers desire. It is not necessary to admit the direct rays of the sun, as indirect light appears to answer every purpose. Of course, you understand the room should be cool. This, however, should be accomplished without admitting strong draughts of air, from which the surface of the milk should at all times be protected.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

An Illinois youngster who wanted to build a fire to roast potatoes, succeeded admirably. He went into the barn and built one in the hay-loft.

RHODA HUMPHREY'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, } Orleans District,

In Probate Court held at Irasburgh, within and for said District, on the 24th day of August, A. D. 1872.

An instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Rhoda Humphrey, late of Barton, in said district, deceased, being presented to the Court by W. H. Hoyt, the Executor therein named, for Probate.

It is ordered by said court, that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court to be holden at the Probate Office in Irasburgh, on the 12th day of Sept., 1872, and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will.

For which purpose, it is further ordered, that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, printed at Barton, in said district, previous to said time appointed for hearing.

By the Court.—Attest,
L. S. THOMPSON, Register.

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